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SENATOR FROM KANSAS

How Lucian Baker Was Elected Martin's Successor.

The Kansas Populists Dismissed at the Result—About the New Man.

Special Dispatch to The Evening Star.

TOPEKA, Kan., January 23.—Kansas has sprung another of her surprises by selecting for the United States Senate a man whose name has never been openly connected with it at any time in the history of the state. A man unknown as a politician, in a state where politicians thrive like the native blue stem, State Senator Lucian Baker, who will now affix "United States" to his title of senator, is a man whom Kansas is honored in honoring.

The fight has been a short and determined one, each of the avowed candidates having his supporters and holding them. In Kansas, when a senatorial election is to be held, the legislature and senate are each pledged bodies, so far as a candidate for the United States Senate is concerned. Having declared himself and his choice, a supporter has got to abide by his declaration, until he finds beyond all possibility of a doubt that the legislature and senate are each pledged to the support of the one who, in his opinion, is the "next best man." There was some very sharp fighting done in this case, but the matter of the whole election in Kansas revolved around the United States senatorship. The state ticket was made up of members of the legislature. The populists openly accuse each other of selling out their legislative duties, but they were mollified at the thought of losing the senatorial pylon. There were a great many thousand fusion democrats left in Kansas, despite the drubbing given them by the state democratic committee, which declared unanimously against fusion.

How Burton Lost.

So it was that Mr. Burton, Mr. Ady, Mr. Thacher, Mr. Hood and Mr. Smith came to the republican caucus in Topeka with a dozen or more votes each, pledged to stand by them till demonstrated that failure was fate. Mr. Burton had more votes pledged than any other one candidate. But he had talked too much. At a memorial day service in Wichita two years ago he had given a long and eloquent flow of eloquence, and spoke slightly of Lincoln. In Kansas either action is treasonable, and the old soldiers took up the matter of his candidacy and fired protests into the legislature so fast that they nearly blocked business. In the caucus, Mr. Burton lost two votes on the first ballot. That finished his chances, and his forces began to scatter, but he held forty-six of the votes till Baker was declared the nominee.

The New Senator.

Since a dark horse of excellent qualities has won, it is not probable that there will be much bitterness exhibited over the result, because Mr. Baker was not in the race till the afternoon of the last caucus, and then he was precipitated into it by his friends. Before he fully realized the situation, the hall was ringing with the shouts of his friends, and his calling and election were assured. Mr. Baker is a college graduate and a man of culture. He stands high in his profession. His face is young and his finely shaped head is covered with prematurely gray hair. He is of medium height and slender. He has fine forensic powers, is quick at repartee, tactful and rather dogmatic in debate. Being a man of good business qualifications, he has amassed a fair fortune, but cannot rank as one of the wealthy men of the Senate. He is a man of genial and kindly nature, and has no entangling political affiliations or friends.



THE SEVENTH CLEARING AWAY THE MOB AT RIDGEWOOD.
From the New York World.

SHOT BY ACCIDENT

First Fatal Encounter of the Brooklyn Strike.

AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER THE VICTIM

Attempt to Break Through the Picket Line.

LOCKED UP IN A HALL

The first fatal affair of the Brooklyn strike took place about 11 o'clock last night, when in an encounter at the Halsey street station of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company a volley was fired by the militia. Henry Ahns was fatally shot, a musket ball entering at his mouth and passing through his head. The shooting had the instant effect of dispersing the mob.

The quiet which had prevailed in the vicinity of Halsey street early in the even-

ing in several saloons near the Halsey street station. As they stepped out of Conway's saloon Ahns was just telling a good story to his companions, who were laughing loudly. Suddenly Ahns exclaimed: "Look out, the soldiers are shooting." The three friends started quickly back to take refuge behind the storm door. The



Chasing the Runaway Trolley Car.
From the New York World.

bullet passed Ahns' face and was flattened against an elevated post. It was picked up by a citizen who declared he would keep it as a souvenir. Another bullet grazed the shoulder of J. H. Eckhoff of 1451 Broadway, who was sending a fire alarm in front of the candy store, 1071 Broadway. The ball pierced the plate glass show window of the candy store, and fell at the feet of the pretty daughter of the proprietor. She was greatly excited.

Two other shots penetrated the show window of the candy store. One ball passed very close to the young lady's face. She laughs at her close shave and says she is sure she felt the impact of the air as the ball passed her.

Col. Appleton, who is in command of the detachment of the seventh regiment at this point, early this morning said regarding the shooting that Mitchell had said to him that he understood perfectly well the orders that had been issued, but he had been going in and out of the line so often that he had grown careless, and thought the order to halt that had been given was not intended for him. Mitchell said he had been right at the candy store, and that he had only obeyed their instructions.

Inquiry at the home of Mitchell, at 130 a. m., elicited the information that he was very quiet under the influence of opiates, and that it was thought that he would recover, although he may lose his right arm. The small bones being badly splintered.

Cars on all lines stopped before 10 o'clock in the afternoon district, and at 2:30 a. m. all was reported quiet.

During the afternoon and evening there occurred no less than seven collisions with trolley cars with wagons, trucks or other vehicles.

Master Workman Connelly returned to the strikers' headquarters after an absence of half an hour and again announced that the line-men should go out again. He refused to explain anything about the order, but when asked what he would do with line-men who refused to go out, he replied that he would shoot them.

A star named Richard Mitchell, employed at the Halsey street depot, was shot through both arms. He refused to be taken to a hospital and was put on a cot

they would simply be outside the pale of honorable workmen.

Excitement in the Afternoon.

This morning was recapitulated by the alleged action of the militia when, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a company of the seventh regiment surrounded a hall at Myrtle and Palmetto streets, which was entered by the soldiers, who seized all books and papers of the local assembly, who occupied the place as a meeting room.

The militia was finally withdrawn and the police took possession of the hall. Both the militia and the police were withdrawn. Col. Appleton said later that he had received a report from Maj. Abrams, commanding the detachment of the seventh regiment, stating that a crowd of men were locked in Odd Fellows' Hall on Palmetto street near Myrtle avenue during the entire time of the strike. The crowd was taken out of the hall and sent to the police station at 1242 Bushwick avenue.

An ambulance was called for Ahns. When it arrived he was very weak from loss of blood. Ambulance Surgeon Mylod made a careful examination of the wound. He pronounced it a compound fracture of the lower jaw and said it might prove fatal. This opinion was confirmed by Dr. Wilson of 1242 Bushwick avenue.

Ahns was one of a company of several friends who had come over to Brooklyn last night to see the mobs and national guardsmen on duty. They had passed a joy-

READY FOR A MOUNT

Cuban Horseback Riding and Some of Its Phases.

THE GENERAL MODE OF TRAVEL

Bandits Are Numerous and Guards Are Needed.

METHODS OF FOOTPADS

Staff Correspondence of The Evening Star.

HAVANA, Cuba, January 17, 1905.

Most Cubans outside of the large cities live on horseback. They use for saddle purposes the small, tough Cuban horse, or else a half-breed, which combines the toughness of the Cuban horse with the larger size and speed of the American. The Cuban horse's natural gait is a pace or rack. Traveling through the country one is constantly meeting vaqueros, dressed usually all in white, a white caucuta, or short shirt or blouse, made with a bosom like an ordinary shirt, and duck or cotton trousers. A wide-brimmed palm or felt hat completes the outfit. The countryman goes always spurred and ready for a mount. They ride like cowboys, sitting erect on their horses and seldom touching the reins. Usually the reins are made of light rope, with a long end, which the rider uses as a whip. The saddle ordinarily used is a Mexican saddle. The motion of the Cuban horse is peculiar, but one soon becomes accustomed to it and finds it very easy. No Cuban countryman seems to be poor enough to be without a horse. They cost little to keep, as they live on corn stalks and husks and a species of coarse fodder raised in great abundance.

Some of the well-to-do people have teams and saddle horses imported from America and they are expensive luxuries, as oats and American fodder have to be imported for them, as they will not eat the fodder on which the Cuban ponies thrive.

These Cuban horses have great endurance and have, it is said, frequently been ridden a hundred miles in a day. They are rough in appearance and are usually thin and bony. The Cuban horse is part of blood and in the country he will make him right into the door of a neighbor's house, when he makes a visit.

Good Horsemen.

At the country railway stations one will usually see a dozen or a score of saddled horses under the shelter of the spreading roof of the long, low building, that serves as a general country store, cafe and lounge place, while their owners will be scattered about, tilted back in chairs, and with their feet up, smoking cigarettes, and silently observing the train and its passengers. Ordinarily there are only one or two passenger trains a day passing these stations, so their arrival and departure are matters of considerable moment to the country people. The mail will be brought to the train by a man on horseback, who has his package of letters in a saddle bag. He will ride up to the side of the train, hand his package through the window, receive what is intended for him, and leaning through the window, sign the receipt book. During all the time he will be looking over his horse or stop pulling his cigar. When he has made the exchange, he digs his spur into his horse and jogs away.

The other day when coming from Matanzas, after the train I was on had left one of these country stations, I saw from the rear window of the last coach that a white-shirted horseman came galloping after us beside the track. The foremost overtaken the train, and he was going at a rate so rapid as to make it exceedingly dangerous to jump aboard. The horseman coolly rose in his stirrups, made a spring and landed neatly on the rear platform. The other horseman, his attendant, caught the horse that was now without a rider, and heaved him back to the station. The passenger, who had boarded the train in such an unusual fashion, was a slender, wiry man, as straight as an arrow and full of spirit. He said he was a horseman, and was taking a sister when the train came and had overstepped himself. None of the Cubans seemed to be in the least bit surprised at his manner as anything unusual.

A Noted Bandit.

There is still a good deal of the romantic about Cuba. One could say there is a good deal of lawlessness, too, but such comment might be out of place from a Washingtonian, when trains are held up and robbed and a demand is made for the ransom. The other day the Havana papers told the story of the burning of the factory, storehouses and farm offices on a plantation at San Jose de las Lajas, about twenty miles from Havana. The papers stated that the place had been burned by a noted bandit, Manuel Garcia, and his followers. Garcia had made a demand on the planter for \$20,000, threatening to burn up his establishment if the money was not forthcoming. The planter refused to pay the money and sought to save his property by doubling his guard. However, the bandits slipped in and burned up the place, and the planter was left with a large sum of money and other property.

Manuel Garcia has been a name with which to terrify country people and travelers for several years. At one time he made a demand on one of the railroad companies for a large sum of money, threatening to destroy a certain railroad station if the demand was refused. The railroad company did not accede to the demand, and Garcia, who was a man supposed to be a bandit, rode into the station one day with a band of followers and burned all the railroad property. He sent another demand, with a suggestion that he was just itching to wreck a train. It was a serious matter for the railroad company, as it made travelers so nervous about traveling on the road. The government in this case intervened, and the railroad was almost completely paralyzed. The bandit seemed to have been effective, for no train was wrecked. Stories about Garcia invest him with an air of romance. He made out to be a sort of a Robin Hood. He will not it is said, rob the poor, and is most gallant to ladies. When he made a recent expedition to a house where there was a woman alone, he expressed his regret at being obliged to pass a torch over the woman. He was going to return it in good condition. In due time the horse was returned as promised. The woman learned afterwards that the horse was a stolen one and it is said nearly killed with retrospective terror.

There are folks who say there is no robbery in Cuba, that it is a land of peace, summed by any freebooter or highwayman who waylays a stranger—a sort of firm name, under which all the robberies are summed up. It is like that, one bandit has accomplished all the villainy that is credited to Manuel Garcia. Whatever the truth is, the name is known all over the island, and it is likely the bearer of the name—whether one or many—could find shelter and concealment among the poorer people of the country. They would be able to betray him, and then, as a matter of fact, they have a sneaking regard for him. The government, probably, has never made an effort to suppress him, but the fact that he, or they, have been at large so long, indicates that the country people are not especially anxious to see him brought to punishment.

A Wholesale Execution.

There was another bandit quite as famous as Garcia, who up to about three years ago was engaged in laying tribute on farmers and planters. In a story told to me in Havana is a very interesting one. The story was pretty hotly pressed by the government, and at last he sent a proposition to the captain general. This was that he and his men and their families would leave Cuba forever and go to South America if allowed to come to Havana and take passage on a vessel without molestation. The captain general consented to the proposition, and the band of robbers with their women and children came to Havana. They remained here a couple of days waiting for a vessel. They walked the streets unarmed, and no one interfered with them. Then came the time for embarking, and they took small boats, which conveyed them from the landing out to the vessel lying in the harbor. All went well till they got on the deck of the vessel, when the body of soldiers there opened a murderous fire upon them, killing nearly all at the first volley. Two of the men who were unhurt, exclaiming: "We have been sold," leaped

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**EVENING STAR
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ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Today's Session of the Grand Harbor of Pilots.

Today's session of the annual convention of the Grand Harbor American Association of Masters and Pilots of Steam Vessels, was fruitful in discussion. Grand Captain William S. Van Keuren presided. During the early part of the day the main thing under consideration was the insurance feature of the association. A number of amendments to the insurance by-laws were put through, and others, it is understood, failed. These matters were of very little popular concern, being of importance directly only to the members of the association. Some legislation in the nature of a correction of existing laws was talked of, especially with regard to the licensing of second class officers in the navy and trade. One of the matters of greatest interest which came up was the fact that charges of malfeasance in office are to be filed with the Treasury Department against the inspectors of hulls for one of the north-west Pacific ports. About thirty delegates are in attendance, the representative from Washington Harbor, No. 31, being Capt. Samuel B. Davis.

The local harbor entertained the Grand Harbor at Marlborough Temple, opposite the harbor office, last night. It was a gay time, nearly all the local river people being present. A literary program was rendered, stories told and refreshments served.

HOW STEVENSON BEGAN.

He Tried to Express the Thoughts of Great Writers.

From the Globe-Democrat.

Stevenson really began to write while he was yet a boy—in a clandestine way, and principally for his own pleasure—and he tells the story of those crude and fumbling efforts with rare candor and delicious humor. He always kept two books in his pocket, he says, one to read and one to write in, and it was his habit to sit by the roadside, and note down the features of the scene or evolve some halting stanzas. Thus he "lived with words." Stevenson's writing was unconsciously, and in obedience to a voice that he had made to learn to write. "That was a proficiency that tempted me," he observes, "and I practiced to acquire it, as men learn to whistle, in a way that is not very scientific. As I grew older, I accompanied his walks with dramatic dialogues, in which he played many parts, and exercised himself in writing down conversations from memory. This was good literary training in the respect of teaching him the subordinate elements of the art to which he was devoted. To his subsequent superior skill in verbal distinction and selection was largely gained through those patient and persistent efforts. He was acquainted in that way with the value of words, and their relations to one another in point of rhythm and symmetry. As I have often said, it can become a great writer, no matter how gifted he may be by nature. There was profit, also, in the plan that Stevenson adopted of trying to copy great books that he read. He thus "played the sedulous ape." He was not, however, a mere copyist. He was a great writer, Sir Thomas Deane, Defoe, Hawthorne, Montaigne, Baudelaire, Obergmann, Ruskin, Dumas, Thackeray, Keats, and many others, he has read, and he has learned from them. His attempts were unsuccessful, and he knew it; but he kept on trying, and profited by the practice. That, like the rest of his life, was a lesson in learning to write. It was so Keats learned; it was so, if we could trace it out, that all men have learned." To that suggestion that this is not the way to be original, he answers: "It is not, nor is there any way to be born so. And yet even for the man who is born original, he goes on to point out, there is nothing in this training to clip the wings of his originality. He instances Montaigne as a distinctly original writer, but a frequent imitator of Cicero, nevertheless. It is the same with Burns, a "prime force in letters, but of all men the most imitative; and Shakespeare himself, the imperial, proceeds directly from a school, as is almost invariably the case with great writers." The inspiration is there to start with, but it cannot become effective without long drudgery and close study of models.

One Suspicious Case.

There was only one suspected smallpox case reported to the health office this morning, and it soon turned out that that patient was not afflicted with the loathsome disease. James W. Cotton, the prisoner at the jail, whom it was reported yesterday had a case of chickenpox, is almost well. A telephone message from the jail to the Police Court late yesterday afternoon gave Cotton's ailment as the result of eating buckwheat cakes, but Dr. Shute told a Star reporter today that the prisoner had a mild case of chickenpox. The eruptions on his back are fast disappearing, and the doctor says he did not have the symptoms of smallpox and there was no occasion for alarm.

Trustee Wanted.

A bill in equity was filed today by Rosa Pelham Suit against Nelle F. Brooks and others for the appointment of a trustee to reconvey to her the title to lot 9, Good Hope Park.

STARTING THE CARS AT RIDGEWOOD.

Form the New York Herald.

just grazed the brim of his friend's hat and hit Ahns in the face. A crowd gathered quickly and many hands assisted in carrying him to the drug store at the corner of Halsey and Broadway.

A starter named Richard Mitchell, employed at the Halsey street depot, was shot through both arms. He refused to be taken to a hospital and was put on a cot

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